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NOT A QUESTION OF AGE.

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"WHY NOT? MY HUSBAND IS STILL ONE OF THE BOYS, THOUGH MY SENIOR BY TWENTY YEARS."

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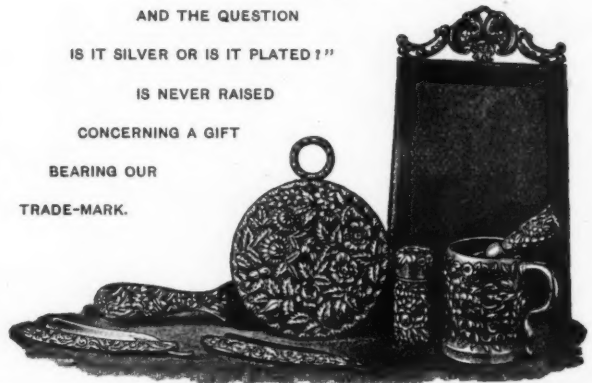
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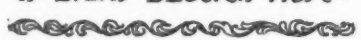
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### Life's Calendar

FOR

## September

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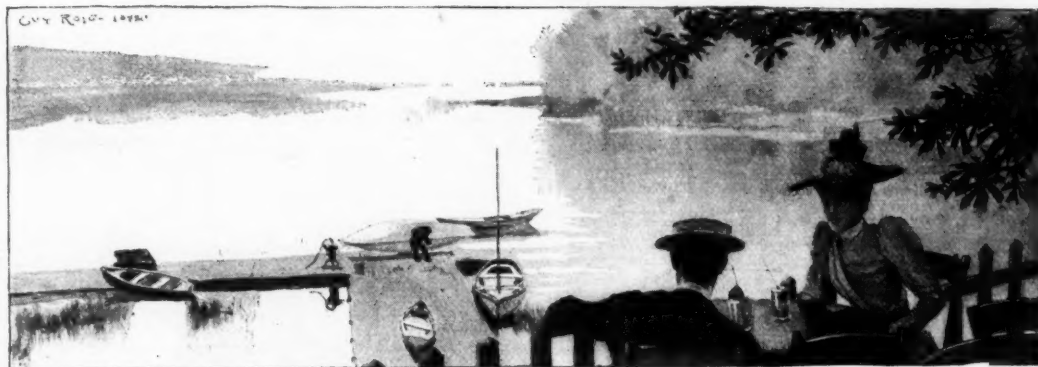
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*She:* HOW DID YOU GET ON AT COLLEGE?

*He:* DIDN'T GET ON AT ALL. IT WAS THE FACULTY THAT GOT ON, AND I GOT OUT.

#### TRAGEDY.

##### ACT I.

**H**E had not loved. He craved the unknown sweet,  
And mourned because his life was incomplete.

##### ACT II.

He loved, feared, doubted, stewed and cried, "Alack!  
Past days of peace! I would I had ye back."

##### ACT III.

She jilted him, but still he troubled on,  
"Oh, woe, woe, woe! Life's joy is past and gone."

#### A CURIOSITY OF LANGUAGE.

**J**INKS: I don't know much about French, but it strikes  
me that it must be a very flexible language.

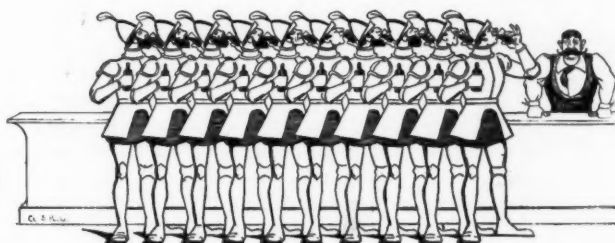
**FILKINS:** Why so?

**JINKS:** Well, just take the word *café*, for instance—  
think how many different kinds of places that means!

#### A STRIKING EXCEPTION.

**D**ASHAWAY: They say that to lend a man money is  
to make an enemy of him. Do you believe it?

**TRAVERS:** Not always. A fellow lent me \$10 not long  
ago, and I am sure I have never tried to get even with him.



"TEN KNIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."



#### SUMMER GIRLS.

"SO YOU HAVE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE WITH MEN THIS SUMMER."

"WELL, YES. I REFUSED SEVEN AND ACCEPTED FIVE."





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE absorbing topic for a week past has been the cholera and the management of the New York quarantine. From the standpoint of people ashore the management has been good, since no case of cholera seems to have got into the country. But to the passengers on the detained vessels the management has appeared exceedingly neglectful. The predicament of these passengers has been distressing, and public sympathy has been violently stirred in their behalf. How far they have been the victims of circumstances, and how far of lack of foresight, or bungling, or incompetence, is a matter fitter for careful investigation than for snap newspaper verdicts. They think they have been abused, and certainly they have had a hard time, but what to do with them was a very complicated problem, and whether Dr. Jenkins was slower in solving it than another man might have been is a matter of opinion. Certainly Gov. Flower did all that a millionaire official could do, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan did all that a millionaire individual could do, and divers doctors, laymen, officials, unofficials and people of moderate means, did everything they could think of to get those passengers ashore. Surely it wouldn't have taken so many willing helpers so long if it had not been an extra difficult job.

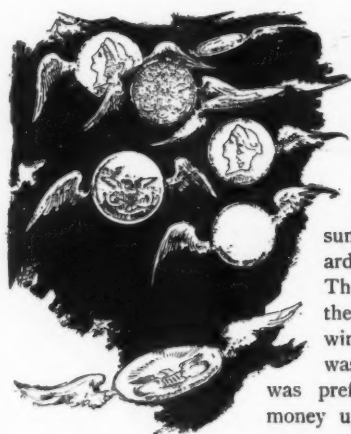


American censor of the apparatus of contemporary civilization in the very act of tackling a

UNDOUBTEDLY the passengers suffered a great deal, but they had some compensations throughout all their anxieties. For those on the Normannia in particular it must have been in a high degree consoling to view the most noted

colossal grievance. Before two such kickers as Larry Godkin and Lottie Collins, despair itself could not have maintained a continuous grip.

FOR the War Department to decline to lend Sandy Hook for quarantine purposes because it was needed for ordnance practice seemed a little too much as though a ship-captain should refuse to throw life preservers to drowning men, because the law required him to keep a certain number aboard his vessel. It must have cheered even the downcast spirits of the detained passengers to have the assistant-secretary sat upon, and compelled to pull in his fiat and masticate it.



ANY further consolation that Mr. John L. Sullivan and his backers require they must seek in the instructive example they afford of the inexpediency of exposing large sums of money to the hazards of an uncertain event. The late C. J. Fox was of the opinion that, next to winning, the best thing was to lose, and that either was preferable to having no money up. Gentlemen of his temperament are hardly to be criticized for betting, provided they have the necessary funds, but we are confident that an unusually large proportion of the males of this town will agree with us just now that persons who only find pleasure in winning large wagers are to be avoided, particularly when you have to give odds.

BETWEEN Gail Hamilton and Henry Labouchère, the Queen of England must be more doubtful than ever if life is worth living. It is wonderful that any woman should withstand such appeals as Miss Dodge has made for the release of Mrs. Maybrick, but queens are hedged in with divinities that make them extra tough, and besides, the Queen of England has several remote and inaccessible residences, and doubtless relies on her ability to take to the woods if worse comes to worst. Whether she really has the power to pardon Mrs. Maybrick is a question for lawyers to consider. If she hasn't, Mr. Gladstone has.

No American who is conversant with the scope of the abilities and feminine pots of gall that are moving in Mrs. Maybrick's favor has any doubt of that luckless woman's eventual release.

Pharaoh was reluctant to dismiss the children of Israel, but Aaron's rod was too many for him in the end. If the pen in hands supremely competent isn't mightier than the rod, contemporary civilization is a failure indeed.



"GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BY."

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

WHEN Strephon's flocks were straying  
Upon the Grecian slopes,  
His happy thoughts kept playing  
With just the self-same hopes,  
As I, for months, have cherished  
About a girl I know;  
Yet Strephon lived and perished  
Two thousand years ago.

Ah, then love was a passion  
Within the reach of all—  
Before the car of fashion  
Drove poor men to the wall.  
The pipe of Strephon still is;  
But in those happy hours,  
He courted Amaryllis,  
At no expense for flowers!

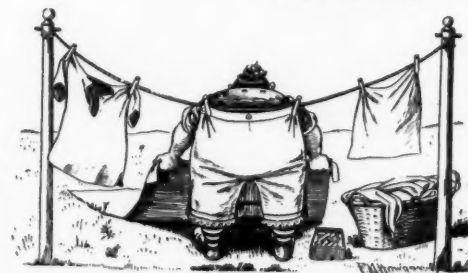
#### IN THE OFFICE OF "PUDGE."

MANAGING EDITOR: See here,  
Jenks, how did that death notice get  
into this week's issue?

JENKS: I thought I'd run it in to sort of  
brighten up the paper.

ONLY those who think themselves of the  
elect, get angry when you say there  
is no hell.

#### DELUSIVE.



PHYSICIAN (after examination): Well,  
Colonel, you have water on the brain.

KENTUCKIAN: Great heavens, doctor! Is  
there any danger of its reaching my stomach?



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## SOMETHING OF AN IMPLICATION.

**BRIDEGROOM** (*just after the ceremony*): Did we look very scared?

**BACHELOR FRIEND**: Scared? No indeed. Why, I've seen people on the gallows not half so composed.

**SHE**: Sometimes you appear real manly and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it?

**HE**: I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.



"JACK TOLD ME LAST NIGHT THAT HE HAD GIVEN ME HIS HEART."

"WELL, IT'S DAMAGED GOODS. HE TOLD ME LAST WEEK THAT I HAD BROKEN IT."

## BOOKISHNESS

## "CALMIRE."

ONE of the notable novels of the summer season came unheralded, and with no flourish of even a *nom de guerre* on its title page—simply "Calmire," (Macmillan). By-and-by when the winter reading-clubs begin to do what they are pleased to think "intellectual work," you will hear a great deal of village talk and gossip about this book, because it is avowedly "philosophical," and that is what a reading-club that precedes the refreshments. Besides, there are some things in the book that the "lady members" will delight to call "perfectly shocking," and the wise men of the club will solemnly call "advanced," and look as though they knew all about it. Then they will all write to their pet weeklies—and you will read learned discussions of it everywhere, from *The Christian Bunion* to *Cheek in Advertising*. When it reaches this stage the pulpit is ready to allude to it as "an epoch-making book," and the publisher prints *Twentieth edition* on the title page without fear of ridicule by the trade.

"CALMIRE" is a novel that deserves a better fate. It probably violates most of the accepted rules of fiction—but there are two real women and two real men in the book who live and move and have their being in spite of the broken rules. Through *Muriel* one may get nearer the heart of a well-bred and well-educated young American, with the hot-blood and impetuosity of an athlete, than in any recent fiction. Simply as a character (and *not* as an artistic achievement) *Muriel* is in American fiction, what *Richard Feverel* is in English fiction. The hero of the novel, *Calmire*, stands in the same relation to him that the wise *Adrian* bears toward *Feverel*. The annoying thing is that while *Adrian* speaks in epigrams, *Calmire* orates in chapters, and it must have been only the exceptional breeding of *Nina* and *Muriel* which kept them from occasional revolts. However, they always dutifully asked for more, and built fires in the library, or took long walks for no other purpose than to give the old gentleman a chance to preach. It must be said for him, however, that he talks remarkably well on occasions.

A serious defect in the philosophical part of the book is the needless elaboration of phases of the theory of evolution, which have become the commonplaces of knowledge. It is as though the first part of the book had been written ten years ago when the "Data of Ethics" was a new book, and novelists everywhere had not tried their hands at producing a rule of conduct that would fit the doctrine of evolution.

By judicious suppressions the wise reader will arrive at a remarkably fine story, and a situation which is dramatically conceived, and solved sensibly. There is a great deal in *Calmire's* creed that fits it for the every-day work of a man of the world—and, moreover, it has in it (what so many worldly creeds lack) a fine touch of that sympathy which makes all men brothers, without posing as reformers or radicals.

"My Creed shall be the impressions the universe makes on me," says *Calmire*, sententiously, but with more meaning than is usual in epigrams.

The book is full of wholesome, middle-aged optimism, that is in sharp contrast to the cynicism which young men and women who write have recently affected.

*Droch.*

## NEW BOOKS.

*A MODERN QUIXOTE.* By S. C. McCay. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins and Company.

*Reminiscences of a Nineteenth Century Gladiator.* By John L. Sullivan. Boston: James A. Hearn and Company.

*His Life's Magnet.* By Theodora Elmslie. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Silhouettes of American Life.* By Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



*She:* IS IT TO SHORTEN THE TIME BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON?

*He:* NOT AT ALL, DEAREST. WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO DO IS TO SHORTEN THE TIME BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

EXPERIENCIA DOCET.

EXPERIENCE teaches, may be ;  
But a man is too wise by half  
To wake up his *second* baby  
For the sake of seeing it laugh.

LITTLE CLARENCE : Pa, if a man from Portugal is  
a Portuguese, is his little boy a Portugosling ?

MR. BOSANKO : It will  
be your bed-time in fifteen  
minutes.

CLARENCE : May I ask  
one more question, Pa ?

MR. BOSANKO : If it  
is not a foolish one.

CLARENCE : Well, Pa,  
why doesn't Wednesday  
come on Saturday ?

MR. BOSAN-  
KO : Go to BED  
NOW !

A CASE OF  
COLLARER—  
The Policeman's  
Grip.



"A BEAR POSSIBILITY."

HIGHWAYMAN : Throw up your hands and give us  
your money.

CUMSO : How can I do that, you idiot ? Do you imagine  
I am a contortionist, and can get my nose into my pants  
pocket ?



"HI ! TOM ; COME QUICK !"

"WHAT HAVE YER CAUGHT ?"

"I AIN'T CAUGHT NOTHIN', BUT SOMETHING'S CAUGHT ME, AN'  
I'M A SLIDIN' IN ; COME QUICK !"





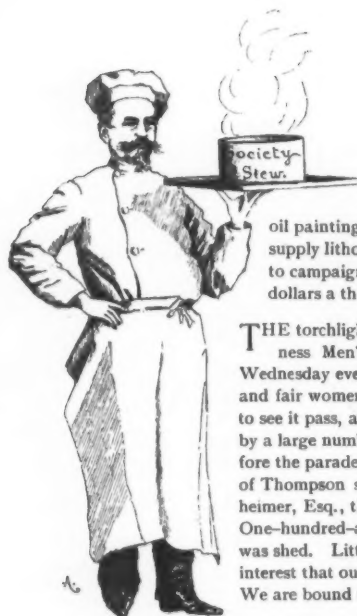
BECAUSE SO MANY WOMEN HAVE THIS  
IDEA OF A HUSBAND.

WHY MATRIMONY IS LIVING I





BECAUSE SO MANY MEN  
HAVE THIS IDEA OF A  
WIFE.



## LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
WARD McALLISTER,  
*Of New York and Newport.*

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
ALBERT E. WETTIN,  
*Of Wales.*

THE adjacent portrait of the head of our ticket is from an oil painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We can supply lithographs of the same, in three colors, to campaign clubs and others at the rate of forty dollars a thousand.

THE torchlight procession of the League of Business Men's McAllister and Wettin Clubs on Wednesday evening was a great success. Brave men and fair women thronged Hester and Baxter streets to see it pass, and it was both preceded and followed by a large number of enthusiastic small boys. Before the parade was dismissed Mr. Lightbody Jones of Thompson street drew a razor on Otto Guggenheimer, Esq., the well-known beer caterer of West One-hundred-and-eightieth street, but no blood was shed. Little incidents like these go to show the interest that our best citizens are taking in the cause. We are bound to win!

THE cause of Free Trade and Protection will not suffer at the hands of our candidates. Judge McAllister is an ardent Protectionist and Col. Wettin is a rank Free Trader. And there you are. You pay your money and takes your choice. We knew what we were about when we proposed this ticket. Once more accept our assurance that We are Bound to Win!

WE regret to see political enthusiasm lead to deeds of violence, but still we cannot conscientiously blame Dr. Corbett for his action in the recent argument with Comptroller Sullivan. We are quite sure that if Mr. Sullivan had not spoken disrespectfully of our candidates the Doctor would not have found it necessary to strike him. Notwithstanding that twenty-first round, we are confident that Mr. Sullivan will do the proper thing and vote the ticket straight.

AGAIN the mud slinger is at work. The charge that our candidate for Vice-President habitually beats his mother and spends all his earnings for rum, is almost as ridiculous as it is false. Mrs. Victoria Wettin is now preparing an affidavit to prove that not only is she no longer obliged to take in washing, but that her son—our candidate—

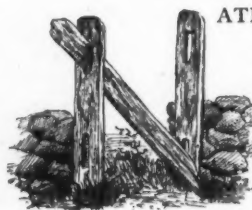
regularly contributes half his winnings to her support. When will these hyenas of the press desist from their calumnies which spare neither the widow nor the orphan?

THE head of our ticket possesses a heart which does credit to our cause. Last Sunday he provided a breakfast of terrapin and canvas-back duck, washed down with Clos de Vougeot, for the three hundred orphans at the Catholic Alms-house.



## THE SCARLET LETTER.

ATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S



*Arthur Dimmesdale* is beyond Mr. Richard Mansfield's reach. There is about the *Dimmesdale* of the book a spirituality which eludes the actor's grasp, and which he replaced with something almost akin to the grotesque. How the character-

ization would impress anyone who had never read the book, it is impossible for us to say, but to anyone who holds photographed in his mind the clearly defined picture of Nathaniel Hawthorne's hero, Mr. Mansfield's performance is most disappointing.

Mr. Hatton's dramatization of the book is, from the reader's point of view, thoroughly successful. Most play-writers who turn well-known books into plays give to fancied stage requirements such importance that the play bears little resemblance to its original source. Mr. Hatton has stuck close to his text, with the result that he has really put the author's creation into dramatic form instead of writing a play with just enough incidents and characters plucked from the book to justify the title. Naturally this robs the piece of dramatic



*Sister:* TOM, FATHER SAYS YOU'RE TO COME HOME RIGHT AWAY; HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU.

*Tom (who has been playing "hookey"):* WHAT DOES HE WANT ME FOR?

*Sister:* HE DIDN'T SAY; BUT HE WENT OUT TO CUT A WILLOW ROD AS I LEFT THE HOUSE.



A SHOW CASE.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



SEPTEMBER 23, 1780.  
CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

force and strong situations, but it is more pleasing to the lover of the book than if the dramatist had sacrificed the story to make "The Scarlet Letter" a "stagey" play.

In the acting, as in the book, the three principal characters stand out in strong relief, to which all the others but furnish a background. Of these three Mr. Mansfield's *Dimmesdale* least satisfies the spectator. Mr. Ferguson was quite successful in portraying *Chillingworth*, making him perhaps a little more human and capable of affection than the original. *Hester* is a part which, in the hands of almost any capable actress, would play itself. Miss Cameron looks the part well and plays it with thorough intelligence.

We think that Mr. Hatton's play will live. Its story is a simple one, and it deals with a great human question. Its tone is sombre it is true, but the motive of the story would be unacceptable if dealt with less seriously. We think it even possible that the play may become a classic. *Metcalf.*



*He:* I'VE BEEN ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE FLIRTATION, BUT I'M TIRED OF IT, AND I WISH THE GIRL WOULD GENTLY DROP ME.  
*She:* THEN, WHY DON'T YOU PROPOSE TO HER?



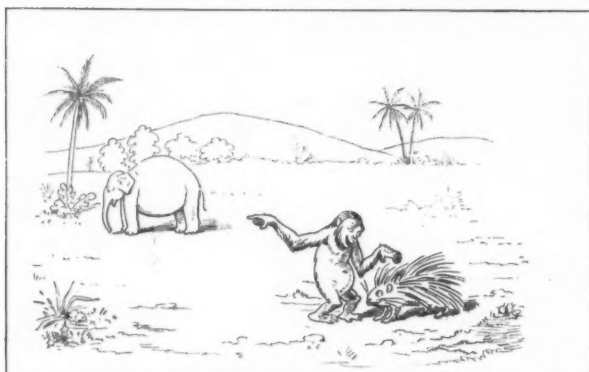
"WHY DOES HE GO THROUGH SUCH AWFUL TRAINING?"  
"TO MAKE HIMSELF TOUGH."  
"THEN WHY DOES HE GO ON SUCH AWFUL SPREES?"  
"TO SHOW HOW TOUGH HE IS, MY DEAR."



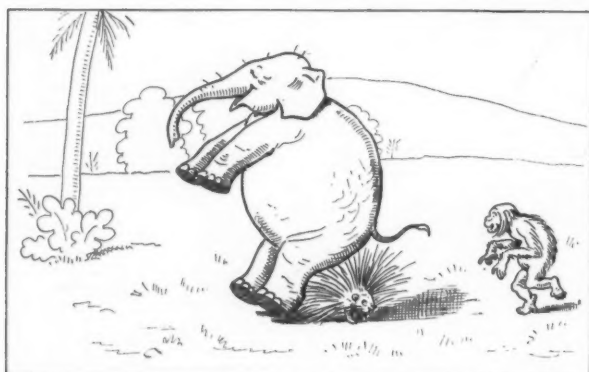
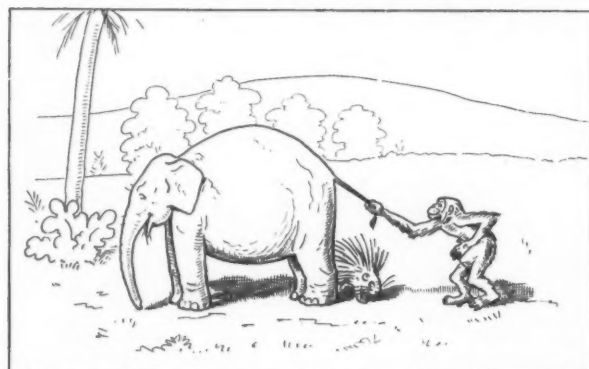
## THE RUINS.

LIFE has no wish to detract from the glory of James Corbett, but the fact is not to be ignored that it was John Barleycorn he recently knocked out in New Orleans, and not the original John L. Sullivan. It might be more precise to say that J. Barleycorn having already knocked out Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Corbett had an easy victory with the liquor laden remains.

## WIPING OFF TWO SCORES AT ONCE.



HE SUGGESTS A PRACTICAL JOKE.



## THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

*First Burglar:* BEFORE WE CRACK THE SAFE I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION. DO YOU BELONG TO THE BURGLARS' UNION?

*Second Burglar:* NO.

*First Burglar:* THEN I CAN'T WORK WITH YOU ON THE SAFE. I AIN'T PERMITTED TO WORK WITH SCABS. I'M A UNION MAN!

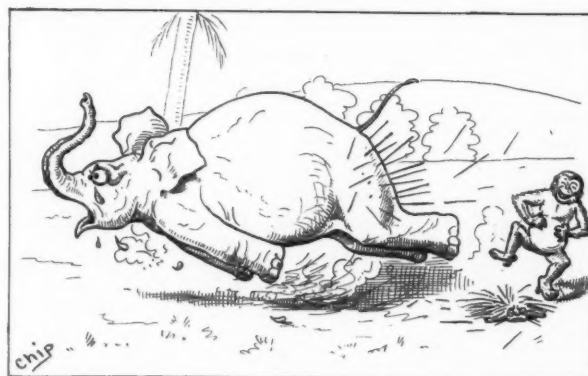
## SELL HER—THAT'S RIGHT.

SELL HER—that's right! She is young, she is fair.  
There's the light of the sun in the coils of her hair;  
And her soul is as white as the first flake of snow  
That is falling to-night. 'Tis a bargain—a go!

Sell her—that's right!

Sell her—that's right! For a bag-full of gold.  
Put her down in your ledger, and label her "sold."  
She's only a beauty with somebody's name,  
And the church, for a pittance, will wash out the shame.  
Sell her—that's right.

Tom Hall.



## · LIFE ·



DISMAYED.

HE took her out for an ice-cream treat,  
His pretty, blue-eyed Sal,  
But fainted when he read the sign,  
"Cream, ninety cents a gal."

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DR. FRITH, in his "Reminiscences," relates a story of the late Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek." This eccentric gentleman lived at Fonthill Abbey, a few miles from Bath. Every picture in the abbey was a gem, and the gardens were unrivaled by any in England; but the owner was a recluse, and this palace of art was surrounded by a formidable wall seven miles in circuit, twelve feet high, and crowned by a *chevaux-de-frise*, and the gates were kept carefully closed. At last Mr. Frith's cousin, an ardent connoisseur in art, found them unguarded. He slipped in, and wandered about the enchanted domain till he met a man with a spade in his hand, presumably the gardener. This personage politely showed him over fruit-gardens, hot-houses, etc., then the house, with its pictures, bric-à-brac, suits of armor, and other glories, and ended by asking him to dinner. "No, really, I couldn't think of taking such a liberty. I am sure Mr. Beckford would be offended."

"No, he wouldn't. You must stop and dine with me. I am Mr. Beckford." The dinner was magnificent, served on massive plate, the wines of the choicest vintage, rarer still Mr. Beckford's conversation. They talked till a fine Louis Quatorze clock struck

eleven. Then Mr. Beckford rose and left the room. The guest waited for his return, till he started to find the room in semi-darkness, and one of the solemn, powdered footmen putting out the lights. "Mr. Beckford has gone to bed," said the man. The guest rose and followed the footman to the front door. That functionary opened it wide, and said: "Mr. Beckford ordered me to present his compliments to you, sir; and I am to say that, as you found your way into Fonthill Abbey without assistance, you may find your way out again as best you can; and he hopes you will take care to avoid the bloodhounds that are let loose in the gardens every night. I wish you good evening." The guest spent the night in the branches of the first tree that promised a safe shelter, and it was not till the sun showed itself that he made his way, terror attending each step, through the gardens into the park, and so to Bath.—*Argonaut*.

A MEMBER of the Russian secret police, who is short-sighted, happened to notice a placard at the top of a lamp-post in St. Petersburg. Naturally his official soul was alert on the instant.

"Great Scot!" he exclaimed—in Russian, of course—"here's an incendiary notice about His Majesty the Czar. I must have it down."

He climbed up the post and brought it to the earth, where, by the light of the lamp above, he spelt out the following dangerous revolutionary and Nihilistic motto: "Wet Paint."—*Exchange*.

LITTLE ISAAC: Mamma, I've got dirty hands; must I wash them, or put on a pair of gloves?—*Le Figaro*.

"How did you like the parrot I sent you?"

"Rather tough!"

"You don't mean to say you have eaten it? What a pity! The poor creature was such a good talker."

"Why didn't it say so?"—*El Noticiero*.

"That excellent antiseptic. . . ."—*Medical Chronicle*, Baltimore.

## Packer's Tar Soap,

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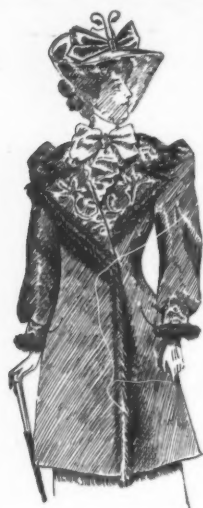
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